Winter Sonnets
by G. H. Mosson

First Snowfall

An old Victorian towers over
its court of evergreens, and a curved road
where cars blow through—so stately as wind
ushers leaves to dirt. But when the household
awoke to snowfall, pines were wreathed in
white staccato, overarched by blue ice.
In snow-clothed dawn, none could recall their world.
So in the white-out of sudden tundra,
driveways are culled, families forge snowmen.
Loners trek drifts. Crows gyre.
Low snow moves. And then—in the dusk quietude—
a million miniature pat-downs. By my door
are bird-prints where
stairs of ice boa around
a blade of grass
striving toward light.